

BEING THE HISTORY OF SEVERAL PERPLEXING CASES, SOLVED BY THE MARVELOUS PSYCHOMETRIC DEDUCTIVE POWERS OF A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN-DETECTIVE.

THE SOLUTIONS OF DR. FURNIVALL

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

BY DR. GEO. F. BUTLER AND HERBERT ILSLEY

(Copyright in Great Britain.)

—ELEVEN—
THE DETECTION OF "CHINKY"

At 5:30 in the morning a laborer with two cents for his breakfast milk warm in his hand stopped in front of Swartz's provision store and looked blankly at the closed door and shutters. The place was always open at five at this time of the year, and he was in a hurry.

While he stood muttering and wondering audibly what the matter was with "Fatty" Swartz and his clerk, Flannigan, that they should both of them be late on the same morning, a thing that never happened before in all the years he had known the store, other hurrying customers arrived and began excitedly discussing with him this unheard-of state of affairs. The police man on the beat, attracted by the little group, sauntered up and gave it as his opinion that, as it was Monday morning, "Fatty" had been detained at home by his wife to fix the water and tubs for the week's washing, while Flannigan, known to be of a convivial turn of mind at times, was merely lingering on the stool of repentance at home after too much Sunday. Or the other of them would be along pretty soon. This notion seemed reasonable to the neighbors, who were well acquainted with the habits and home life of the shopman, but a search had been delivered when an urchin came running from the alley behind the shop crying breathlessly to the officer:

"There's a man in there, Mr. Webster! I see him through the window. He's standing in the middle of the floor, and he's ten feet tall!"

This startling statement was immediately followed by a rush of all hands for the rear of the building, the policeman in the van with his stick drawn, and by the aid of the boxes and barrels stacked up in the little yard two or three of the leaders were able to mount and see through the window a form that seemed very tall indeed standing drawn up in a small cleared space in front of the counter. All the other shutters being open, the interior was shrouded in a dim twilight, so that the outlines only of the shape could be discerned, and these indistinctly; but beyond all doubt it was that of a man, and apparently a most gigantic one. There was something in the attitude that sent a creepy, shivery feeling over the silent gazers, and they looked beyond instead of at each other with a vague fear in their eyes, each waiting for his neighbor to make the first suggestion.

The stillness was broken by the policeman. Drawing his revolver, he tapped with it lightly on the glass, calling in a loud voice:

"Hi, there! You in there! I see you. Hold up your hands and come out of that! Come out, I say!"

He aimed his weapon, but the form neither spoke nor stirred. The officer waited a moment and then was about to call again, when the urchin who had first discovered the ghostly presence and who now, mounted on an insecure barrel, was peering excitedly over the arm of a man kneeling on a box above him, suddenly lost his balance in his eagerness to see, and with an unearthly shriek tumbled through the window to the store floor, taking a generous portion of the sack along with him.

For one instant the officer hesitated. He did not like the appearance of that monstrous, silent, ghostly shape drawn up there in the spectral dusk as if in grim challenge of any disturber of its solitude. But the presence of the breathless spectators left but one course open for him, now that the way had been made clear by the demoralization of the window, and he jumped in, while the boy, with the sweat of an awful terror standing on his chalk-hued face, threw himself, regardless of consequences to his body, over the sill to the ground below and scurried to the outskirts of the crowd, hiding behind it.

The officer paused within a few paces of the gigantic form, his revolver leveled, his face pale but determined. As his eyes became accustomed to the dimness he uttered a loud exclamation, and darting to the side shutter opened it, letting in a flood of light on the uncanny shape, which he instantly recognized as that of the proprietor, Swartz. A rope was around his neck, attached to a pulley which was used for hoisting heavy articles to the loft above, and he was hanging by his head within a few inches of the ceiling, with his long blue butcher's frock slipped from his shoulders and trailing on the floor. It was this that had given the appearance of such great height to the dangle object.

"Well, well, well! 'Tis poor old Swartz—he's hung himself!" the policeman whispered in awe. Then he remembered that the doctor under the "fastened" on the outside, was secured by means of a bar and padlock. These must have been put in place by somebody with Swartz in the shop! Then who could that somebody be if not the murderer? Yes, it was not suicide, it was murder, and if murder, who could the murderer be but Flannigan, the only person besides Swartz possessing a key to the padlock?

With the flash of an obvious sequence into his mind, the policeman hurried to the store telephone and called up his station, notifying it that Swartz was murdered, that Flannigan had done the deed and was missing, and that he wanted help at once.

In a few minutes the patrol wagon arrived with the officers and the medical examiner. Life was found to be extinct in the shopkeeper, and the doctor thought from appearances that death had overtaken him at least twenty-four hours previously, though nothing short of an autopsy would finally determine that. The police could find no traces of burglary. The shelves seemed to be in their normal condition, there were no signs of a struggle, and the small, old-fashioned clock, unharmed by its door half-open, as it usually remained during the day, if anything had been taken from it, there was nothing left to indicate the fact, unless the absence of ready money in all the compartments might be called an indication of that. But none of these comments had been forced, though some of them bore looks, all of them being closed but unopened. The money till in the counter also was empty of cash, except in the case of the receptacle for "coppers," which was nearly full.

From the evidence not a man of the force present entertained the slightest doubt of how the crime had occurred, nor who the criminal logically must be, Flannigan, just before closing time on Saturday night when trade was being over and the shop deserted, the street door was closed and the shutters put on all but the back window, had for some reason throttled his boss with his powerful hands, slipped the rope around his neck and hoisted him up there to make it appear to be a case of suicide, locked up and died. Flannigan was thick-witted, and it would never occur to him that he had left all the signs pointing to himself, and only to him

self. As long as nobody had seen him do it he would feel safe; for he was one of those people who are continually repeating for the information of their audiences that "what you don't see you don't know."

Officers were at once dispatched in several directions for the man. The fact that he was not at his boarding house, but must have returned to his room from the shop and changed his clothes at some time between six o'clock on Saturday evening and eight on Sunday morning, was precisely the evidence that the police looked to find there, and they found it. Flannigan's lodging mistress said that on going to his room to put it in order on Sunday morning at eight, she used the time, she saw that the bed had not been slept in, and examination showed that his everyday clothes hung in the closet while his best suit was missing from its accustomed hooks. And he had not been seen in the vicinity since Saturday morning, when he left the house for his day's work. To this information the police, making a search of his room on their own account, added certain other suggestive items. A badly-soiled shirt, torn up the back as if discarded in a hurry, was crowded behind the bureau; a razor, unwiped after using, and a shaving paper with dried lather on it, as if the shaver was in such haste that he could not stop to clean away the traces of his work, were on a little table near the gas jet; a traveling bag, which the lodging mistress asserted that he owned, was not to be found; there was no linen in the bureau drawers. In fact, all evidence tended to show that the man had left suddenly for parts unknown, saving nothing to anybody of his intended absence, taking with him what few valuable effects he possessed. If the razor remained behind it was because in his excitement he had forgotten it.

Inquiry in the neighborhood soon brought to light a man who had seen Flannigan late Saturday night with a suit case and a big roll of bills, staggering from one saloon to another on the way down to the south station; and it presently being learned that Flannigan had relatives in the little country town of Fairview, which was his native place, the rest was easy. He was just the type of man who, having committed a crime, would immediately make for the vicinity of his old home, having neither sense nor general information enough to steer as widely away from that particular spot as possible. Connections were made by telephone with the police of Fairview, and within two hours from that time Flannigan was undergoing examination at station five.

He was a very muscular fellow of 27 years, with a face full of good-natured imbecility. It seemed evident at once to the examining officers that the man would know no better than to commit murder, and would commit it under provocation, the last thing to enter his thick head being the fact that he, with his grade of intelligence, would not have once chance in a thousand of escaping the penalty. He asserted his innocence of the charge, but in a half-hearted manner, as if he was very far from realizing the seriousness of his position. He said:

"If old Swartz is dead, I'm sorry. I didn't do it. He always treated me all right, and I wouldn't do him dirt if I knew who did. I'd lick him good."

"What did you go away from your room for without telling anybody of it?"

"Shucks! I didn't have no time. It was most 11 Saturday night when I knowed it first myself. The boss, he says: 'Flannigan, he says, 'how'd you like a vacation?' he says, 'Everybody but you and me is taking a vacation,' he says, 'It's the fashion nowadays, but you. 'You go tonight, Flannigan,' he says, 'and I'll go when you get back. You can stay a week,' he says, 'and here's two weeks' wages. That will do you,' he says. Then he counted out \$26 dollars from the big roll he had in the safe—"

"So he had a big roll in the safe, did he?" the captain interrupted.

"Sure! He had just put it in there—\$248. He says: 'Flannigan, this is the biggest day we ever had, and I'm a-going,' he says, 'to give you a vacation, because,' he says, 'Flannigan, you're in the fashion,' he says."

"Well, what did you do then?"

"I says if I'm going I'd go then. So he got the 11:45 train and he home Sunday all day. So he says go ahead, and I go."

"You went to your room before taking the train?"

"For sure! I had to get my glad rags, and I had to shave, but didn't. I didn't have time."

"You had time to drop into a number of places on the way down to the station, didn't you?"

"I wouldn't say I'd shaved," he answered.

That ended the examination as far as it need be given here. Swartz was found hanging in a store, to which only he and Flannigan had keys. Swartz's key was in his pocket, and the store was locked from the outside. Flannigan had run away, he had been caught, had told a cock-and-bull story of a vacation, a luxury never heard of before in connection with any employee of "Fatty" Swartz, or even with Swartz himself, who had been for thirty years in that store and was part of his life, except Sundays, and all day. The notion that he should suddenly propose such a thing to Flannigan at 11 o'clock at night, make him a prisoner, and then say he was taking him off at once, was preposterous—just the kind of a foolish story that a man of Flannigan's caliber would be likely to invent. Only one thing seemed strange to the police. What Flannigan did with the \$248? When searched at the station he had only \$18 on his person, and these were the remains, he claimed, of his vacation fund. However, it would be an easy matter for him to hide his loot, once he thought of doing so, and a third-degree examination, coupled with a rigid search, would undoubtedly disclose it. But even without this crowning proof the man was doomed. Any jury in the land would pronounce him guilty without ballot on the evidence already obtained.

The next day after Flannigan had been committed for trial without bail, a little old woman with beady black eyes, a wrinkled, yellow skin, a highly colored nose and a very shrill voice, called on Dr. Furnivall, and announced that she was Flannigan's mother, said that her son was, of course, innocent, and as she had no money to pay a high-class lawyer and detective to prove it, she had come to him as the only thing left for her to do. This complimentary point of view, with its engaging frankness, interested Dr. Furnivall so much in his visitor that he listened



"WELL, WELL, WELL! 'TIS POOR OLD SWARTZ—HE'S HUNG HIMSELF!"

willingly to her story, and after hearing it promised to see Flannigan, and, if favorably impressed, to take up the problem of freeing him. The woman said that he was a good son and her only support. Though his wages were but \$13 a week, he sent her \$7 every Monday morning, paying \$4 for his own bed and board, which left him \$2 for laundry, car fare and other luxuries. Even out of this amount he saved a little, and now a distant hint of her some thoughtful present. Though this somewhat remarkable attitude on the son's part did not constitute a proof of his innocence of the murder in Dr. Furnivall's eyes, he did not then see her, in whose eyes it did, it certainly spoke well of him. A man may be kind to his mother and yet commit atrocious crimes, as history proves over and over again, but this attention to a universal predisposition in any young man's favor, it having been known to incline even stern judges to leniency for a proved culprit. And this man was not a proved culprit yet, by any means, according to the theories of Dr. Furnivall.

The moment the doctor saw the man in his cell he knew that a disease, hemianesthesia, was responsible, at least partially, for his stupid appearance. There was little or no sensation in his left side, not only of the skin, but probably of the deeper parts also, and in addition to a probable defect of vision in the left eye there was doubtless a more or less pronounced deafness of the left ear. To prove this the doctor, standing at the man's left side, said, in a low tone:

"So you are John Flannigan, are you?"

The prisoner merely stared at him. Then, passing to his right, the doctor repeated the question in the same tone. He answered at once:

"Yes, sir; but I don't know you."

The doctor produced his watch and holding it at a distance, to the man's right, asked him if he could see the second hand; and while he obediently looked, squinting his left eye as he did so, obtaining the sight solely through the right, the doctor touched his left side here and there with his fingers. To these touches Flannigan gave no heed, remaining with his gaze fixed on the watch, until presently he said he could see the little hand.

Dr. Furnivall then asked:

"Are you sure you had the key to the store when they searched you here?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he answered at once. "But they took away everything I had on me, to keep until I got out."

The doctor succeeded, as a special favor to him, in obtaining from the police captain the key which had been

taken from the prisoner, and passed it to him.

"Is that the key which fits your store?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," he returned after a glance at it. Dr. Furnivall took it, hiding it in his hand.

"What color is it?" he asked him.

"Wh—wh—why, it's black, I s'pose, or else brown."

"How long have you been with Swartz carrying this key in your pocket?"

"Goin' on three years."

"And you don't know whether it is black or brown?"

"Well, anyway," he answered, "I guess I never looked at it much. Seems to me it's black."

"Is there a hole in the handle, or is that end a sort of ring, or is this end solid?"

At this question Flannigan shook his head with a helpless smile and remained dumb.

"The fool!" the captain, who was listening interestedly, could not help exclaiming.

"Not necessarily," said Dr. Furnivall. "As the man says, he never really looked at the key. It was so much a part of his pocket that he took it for granted. Put a like question to almost any man and he will answer almost as stupid. We can't say even whether certain ones among our daily acquaintances have a beard, only a moustache or a smooth face. But Flannigan has a way of identifying his key, though he doesn't know it. He gave the key again to Flannigan, saying:

"Put that in your pocket where you habitually carry it."

He deposited it in his left-hand trousers' pocket.

"You can't feel it very well there with your left hand, can you?" Dr. Furnivall asked then.

"No, not very well. My hand is kinder numb."

"But you know it is there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Now, take the key out, as you do when you lock the store door, and pretend that you are fitting it into a lock on my vest front."

With his left hand Flannigan removed the key from his pocket, transferred it to his right hand and reached with it toward Dr. Furnivall. But before the tip could come in contact with the vest Flannigan jerked up his arm as if seized with cramp, exclaiming loudly:

"Gee-whizz! This ain't the key—it won't fit!"

He stared stupidly at it, while the police captain, beginning to feel excited, gazed from the doctor to Flannigan and back again.

"He knows his key by touch, not by sight," said Dr. Furnivall. "As soon as he got his sensitive hand on this one he noticed the difference between it and the right one, especially as he was using it in the old familiar way. Now, captain, take this key to the store and see for yourself that it doesn't fit the lock. This man never committed the murder. On Saturday night the real murderer abstracted his key from Flannigan's pocket, substituting this one, so that he would not miss the feel of it, and, thinking he had lost it, returned perhaps to the store and interrupt the subsequent proceedings. This was a simple matter with a victim of hemianesthesia. A hand in his pocket would not attract his attention unless thrust there very carelessly. It looks as if it were all done to lead suspicion in Flannigan's direction. The story of the vacation may be a coincidence, but I am inclined to think it was made to fit into the general plan of the robbery. But we'll see. Study yourself about that key, and I'll question Flannigan regarding his companions on Saturday night."

"He wasn't in any condition to remember much about them, by all accounts, but you can try him," said the captain.

"A person under the influence of overstimulation," responded Dr. Furnivall, "receives impressions as truly as when he is in a normal condition, but the impressions, as a rule, are less deep from the rapidity with which the brain flies from one thought to another, and so are likely to be forgotten. They are not unrecalled, and they do remain, though they are slight, and therefore may be recalled by proper methods."

He then removed his spectacles and said, gazing the prisoner steadily in the eye:

"Flannigan, carry your mind back to 11 o'clock Saturday night, and tell me what happened to you then?"

"Why," he answered, without hesitation, "the boss was giving me twenty-six plunks to go on a vacation with."

"Did you leave the store then?"

"I left as soon as I put the shutters up to the front windows. The old man said he'd fix the back one."

"Was he in the store when you left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you went out at the door where did you go?"

"To Tim Foley's place first, and then to Randall's, and then to my room."

"Did you talk with anybody in those places?"

"Only the barkeepers. They was hardly anybody around then. It was closing time for those shops. They ain't victualers."

"Did you see anybody at your lodging house?"

"No; the lights was out and I went in quiet. Everybody was abed."

"When you came out, where did you go?"

"I took a car for the south station."

"Did you talk with anybody on the car?"

"I can't think. I don't think so."

"You don't think? Can't you say positively? What you had taken at Foley's and Randall's hadn't begun to affect you, had it?"

"Well, I hated it in quick, and a lot of it, and my head was going some, all right."

Up to this moment Flannigan had been talking in a normal manner. The doctor's gaze had put his face through the preparatory stages of change only. But now, from a startled, then earnest, passing to a peaceful and contented expression, his eyes leaped to that of absorbed thought, and he continued in a monotonous voice:

"I think somebody was there; somebody I didn't know very well. I think I spoke to him. But I don't remember if he said anything to me. It was an open ear, and I guess he was 'way over on one end of the seat and I was on the other."

"As he was on your right or your left side?"

"I don't know. Seems to me he was sort of behind me. I'm pretty sure I didn't see him. I sort of felt him. I guess, and I asked him—"

He hesitated, a strange, intent, introspective look in his blue eyes.

"Asked him?" suggested Dr. Furnivall, softly.

"Asked—him—what—time—it—was." He proceeded thus hesitatingly, groping in his mind for the clue to the impression faintly traced there. Then suddenly he went on in full confidence:

"No, I asked him if he had time before the 11:45 train to drop in somewhere for a little taste."

"What did he say?"

"He said there was plenty of time. So we got off and walked through Arch street to Heizer's, but he wouldn't go in. He said he'd wait outside."

"But you went in?"

"Yes."

"Was he waiting when you came out?"

"No. I guess I stayed too long. I missed the train and had to go home on a freight."

"You say you didn't know the man very well, but can't you remember anything about him, any peculiarity about him?"

"Well, he had a funny smell."

"A funny smell? What was it like?"

"It was kinder sweet. He said he'd been eating something for his breath. He gave me some, too. He said I ought to have some by me, it was so good for a whiskey breath."

"Have you any of it with you?"

"The boss was giving me twenty-six plunks to go on a vacation with."

"Did you leave the store then?"

"I left as soon as I put the shutters up to the front windows. The old man said he'd fix the back one."

"Was he in the store when you left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you went out at the door where did you go?"

"To Tim Foley's place first, and then to Randall's, and then to my room."

"Did you talk with anybody in those places?"

"Only the barkeepers. They was hardly anybody around then. It was closing time for those shops. They ain't victualers."

"Did you see anybody at your lodging house?"

"No; the lights was out and I went in quiet. Everybody was abed."

"When you came out, where did you go?"

"I took a car for the south station."

"Did you talk with anybody on the car?"

"I can't think. I don't think so."

"You don't think? Can't you say positively? What you had taken at Foley's and Randall's hadn't begun to affect you, had it?"

"Well, I hated it in quick, and a lot of it, and my head was going some, all right."

Up to this moment Flannigan had been talking in a normal manner. The doctor's gaze had put his face through the preparatory stages of change only. But now, from a startled, then earnest, passing to a peaceful and contented expression, his eyes leaped to that of absorbed thought, and he continued in a monotonous voice:

"I think somebody was there; somebody I didn't know very well. I think I spoke to him. But I don't remember if he said anything to me. It was an open ear, and I guess he was 'way over on one end of the seat and I was on the other."

"As he was on your right or your left side?"

"I don't know. Seems to me he was sort of behind me. I'm pretty sure I didn't see him. I sort of felt him. I guess, and I asked him—"

He hesitated, a strange, intent, introspective look in his blue eyes.

"Asked him?" suggested Dr. Furnivall, softly.

"Asked—him—what—time—it—was." He proceeded thus hesitatingly, groping in his mind for the clue to the impression faintly traced there. Then suddenly he went on in full confidence:

"No, I asked him if he had time before the 11:45 train to drop in somewhere for a little taste."

"What did he say?"

"He said there was plenty of time. So we got off and walked through Arch street to Heizer's, but he wouldn't go in. He said he'd wait outside."

"But you went in?"

"Yes."

"Was he waiting when you came out?"

"No. I guess I stayed too long. I missed the train and had to go home on a freight."

"You say you didn't know the man very well, but can't you remember anything about him, any peculiarity about him?"

"Well, he had a funny smell."

"A funny smell? What was it like?"

"It was kinder sweet. He said he'd been eating something for his breath. He gave me some, too. He said I ought to have some by me, it was so good for a whiskey breath."

"Have you any of it with you?"

(Next week: "The Midnight")

RISING BREAST

And many other painful distressing ailments which most modern can be avoided by Mother's Friend. The only is a God-send to ant mothers, carrying

through the critical ordeal with safety. No woman who Mother's Friend need fear the suffering incident to birth, for leaving her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured. Our book containing valuable information will be sent free by writing to

BRADFORD REGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga.

"American Beauty Beer"

A Mild and Refreshing Tonic.

SALT LAKE CITY BREWING CO.

Phones No. 17. J. MORITZ, Gen. Mgr.

Bell Phone 876. Ind. Phone 1111.

W. S. HENDERSON Wholesale Grocer

Corner Second South and Third West Sts. Salt Lake City, Utah.

Prompt Shipments to All Parts of the Country. High Grade Groceries. Mail Orders Solicited.

Leysons